A

Pindarick ODE,

IN THE

PRAISE

OF

Folly and Knavery.

By Mr. *TUTCHIN.*

LONDON,
Printed and Sold by *E. W.* near *Stationers-Hall.*
1696. Price 6 *d.*

T 3381

Ah Page 8.

THE EPISTLE.

SInce Fools *and* Knaves *are the major part of the World, I must expect abundance of Enemies upon the Account of the following Poem; but as I hate the one, so I don't fear the other, and shall be unconcerned at the Resentments of both. Truth is a thing no Man need to be asham'd of, and he that's afraid to defend it deserves not the Title of a good Patriot. If these random Shot hit some, they have no reason to complain, since I could have as easily descended to particulars as have wrote in general Terms. I'm sure all honest wise Men must agree with me, that none are so fit to support a just Government, as those who oppos'd the Tyranny of an arbitrary One, and purchas'd a just and legal Settlement with the expence of their Blood and Money. 'Tis in vain to form a Government on the most Rational Principles of Human Policy, suited to the Universal Benefit of Mankind, if the Administration thereof be put into the hands of such Men, who have neither Wisdom to Understand, nor Honour nor Honesty enough to Support it: The very Being of that Prince is precarious, whose Government is supported by* Fools *and* Knaves. *The first are not able to give him Advice, yet through their folly may betray his Councils, which is equally as bad, as the others making themselves a piece of the Government*

T 3381

vernment on purpoſe to rend the whole. There is as much difference betwixt Buſineſs and Grimace, the Combing of a Periwig, and the Exerciſe of right Reaſon, as there is betwixt the two greateſt contraries in the World. To prefer a Man becauſe he is a Fop, a Beau, or intreſted by Marrying a Caſt Chamber-maid, is very ridiculous: Or to preſer a Knave to Cheat a third King, becauſe he has Cheated two before, is monſtrous indeed, whilſt noble Patriots, and Defenders of the Liberties of their Country, are perhaps forc'd quietly to ſee the Profits of their Labour and Toil raviſh'd out of their hands, and nothing left to do but to contemplate on their Misfortunes, and can hardly diſtinguiſh betwixt their Fates, Hanging under Tyrannical Princes, and Starving under a Juſt One. They may look back, with an envious Eye, upon ſuch of their Companions, who have made their Exit *at the Gallows, whoſe fatherleſs Children are ſo far from being Rewarded, that the Memory of their Parents is a Bar to their Preferment; And to conſider that a Righteous and Good Government is founded upon the Ruins of thoſe very Patriats, makes the Scene yet more black and diſmal. He only, that Governs the World, knows what will be the effect of ſuch Management; But I ſadly remember, it has been ſaid,* Quos Deus vult perdere, priùs dementat.

To

To my Friend, the Author of the enſuing POEM.

Eraſmus firſt the noble Task began,
Expos'd the *Folly*, to reform the *Man*;
In *Ironia*'s pleaſing Garb diſplay'd
That *Vice*, by which we're *Fools* and *Aſſes* made.
But the rough *Truth* that ſhou'd have made us wiſe,
Lay deeply hid beneath a learned Guiſe,
Shrowded, in Forms *Scholaſtic*, from our Eyes.

This hard'ned Age do's rougher Means require,
We muſt be *Capp'd* and *Cauteriz'd* with *Fire*.
For gentle Med'cines we're can Health regain,
That ſtrike the Patient with no ſenſe of Pain.
When the Diſeaſe inveterate is grown,
Strong *Corroſſives* muſt be apply'd, or none.

Thus on the Body growing *Ills* prevail,
We find we're Sick, but know not what we ail.
Our outward Weakneſs, and our inward Pain,
Give hints that ſome unknown Diſtempers reign.

T 3381

Severely every groaning Limb do's feel
The ſad Effects, yet none the Cauſe can tell.

To Polititians oft we have recourſe,
Who, what they ſhou'd have *mended*, ſtill made *worſe*.
For that Phyſician never can give Eaſe,
Who's wholly Ignorant of the Diſeaſe:
Or, if he knows, wou'd, rather than apply
The true *Specifick*, let the *Patient* die.

The mighty *Cure's* at laſt reſerv'd for you,
You are our *Prophet* and *Phyſician* too.
Firſt you inform us whence our *Ills* proceed,
Then kindly ſhow what *Remedies* we need:
Next you foretel, if we theſe Rules neglect,
What we muſt from our *Negligence* expect:
A *State* that ſees its Happineſs too late;
A *Poet* ſtrugling with *Caſſandra's* Fate.

B. Bridgwater.

II.

A Pindarick ODE

In the Praiſe of

Folly and Knavery.

I.

MY humble Muſe no Hero Sings,
Nor Acts, nor Funerals of Kings:
The great *Maria* now no more,
In Sable Lines ſhe does deplore;
Of mighty *William*'s growing fame,
At preſent muſt forget the name,
Yet ſhe affects ſomething that is ſublime,
And would in *Dytherambick* ſtrain
Attempt to riſe, and now diſdain
The Shrubs and Furzes of the Plain:
He that's afraid to fall, ſhou'd ne'r pretend to climb.

II. Let

T 3381

II.

Let others boaſt of potent Wit,
And Summon in the awful *Nine*,
With all their Aids of Fancy, Humor, Sence,
Fair poliſh'd Learning, Eloquence,
And call their gawdy works Divine:
Hov'ring above my Head let *dullneſs* ſit,
The only God that's worſhipp'd by the Age;
Immortal *Nonſence* guide my Pen,
The Fames of *Shakeſpear* and of *Ben*,
Muſt warp, before my nobler fire
To their regardleſs Tombs retire.
Thus Arm'd, with Nonſence, I'll engage
Both *Univerſities*,
And their Pedantick fooleries,
Show the miſguided World the Cheat,
And let *Man* know that *Nonſence* makes him Great.

III.

Almighty *Folly!* How ſhall I thy praiſe
To Human Underſtandings raiſe?
What ſhall I do
Thy worth to ſhew?

The

The Glorious Sun, that rules the Day,
Gives vital warmth and life by ev'ry Ray,
His Bleſſings he in common grants,
To Hemlock as to nobler Plants;
Thy Virtue thou doſt circumſcribe,
And doſt diſpence
Thy influence,
But to the Darlings of thy Tribe,
Thou Wealth and Honour doſt beſtow
On thy triumphant *Fools*,
Whilſt abject Sence do's barefoot go;
So weak's the Learning of the noiſie Schools.

IV.

Tell me, ye Learned Sots! who ſpend your time
In reading Books,
With thoughtful Heads and meagre Looks,
To Learnings Pinacle, who climb
Through the wild Briers of *Philoſophy*,
The Thorns of harſh *Philology*,
The dirty Road where *Ariſtotle* went
Encumber'd with a thouſand *terms*
Uncouth, Unintelligible,
Not by any fancy fathomable,
Bringing diſtracted Minds to harms;
The rankeſt *Hellebore* cannot prevent.

T 3381

Tell me, I ſay, ye Learn'd Sots!
Did e'r the old or new Philoſophy,
Make a Man ſplendid live, or wealthy die?
Tho' you may think your Notions truer,
They'll ne'r advance your Lotts,
To the Eſtate of Wiſe Sir *Jonathan* the Brewer.

V.

A *Fool*! Heav'ns bleſs the charming Name,
So much admir'd in Ages paſt,
As long as this, and all the World ſhall laſt,
Shall be the Subject of Triumphing Fame.
A *Fool*! what mighty wonders has he wrought?
What mighty Actions done?
Obey'd by all, controul'd by none;
Even *Love* its ſelf is to its Footſtool brought.
For t'other day, I met amidſt the Throng
A Lady wealthy, beautiful and young;
Madam, ſaid I, I wiſh you double Joy,
Of a ripe Husband and a budding Boy,
And wiſh my ſelf a ſight of him you Wed,
The happy Part'ner of your Bridal Bed.
Sir, ſhe reply'd, I him in Wedlock had;
Pointing unto an Image by her ſide,
An odder Figure no Man e'r eſpy'd,

Long

Long was his Chin, and carotty his Beard,
His Eyes ſunk in, and high his Noſe was rear'd,
A nauſeous uglineſs poſſeſs'd the Tool,
And ſcarce had Wit enough to be a Fool:
Bleſs me (thought I) if Fools ſuch fortune get,
Then who (the Devil) wou'd be plagu'd with wit.

VI.

View but the Realms of *Nonſence*, ſee the State,
The Pageant pomp attends the ſhow,
When the great God of *Dullneſs* does in triumph go,
How ſplendid and how great
His num'rous Train of Blockheads do appear?
Almighty *Jove*,
That governs all above,
Is but a puny to this Mighty God,
The bluſtring God of War,
Who with one Nod
Makes the Earth tremble from afar,
Guarded with puiſſant Champions ſtern and bold
That breath Deſtruction, talk of bloody Jars,
Have nought but ragged Cloaths to keep off cold,
And tatter'd Enſigns relicks of the Wars.

The God of *Dullneſs* mounted on his Throne
Beneath a Canopy
Of fix'd ſtupidity,
Proſtrate his num'rous Subjects tumble down,
They pay obeiſance to their gloomy God,
And at his Nod
They act, they move,
They hate, they love,
They bleſs, they curſe, they ſwear,
For they his Creatures are,
He amply does his Benefits afford,
For each confirmed Blockhead is a Lord.

VII.

Then talk no more of Parts and Sence,
For Riches ne'r attend the Wiſe,
Have you to dullneſs no pretence,
You ſhall to Grandeur never riſe;
He with a gloomy mien Divinely dull,
Whoſe very aſpect tells the World he is a Fool,
Whoſe thicker Skull
Is proof againſt each ſtorm of Fate,
Is Born for Glory, and he ſhall be Great.

Who 'ere wou'd riſe,
Or great Preferment get,
Muſt nere pretend to Wit,
Or be that monſtrous, ill ſhap'd Man call'd Wiſe;
He muſt not boaſt
Of Learning's value, or its coſt;
But, if he wou'd Preferment have,
He muſt be much a *Fool*, or much a *Knave*.

VIII.

A *Knave*! the finer Creature far,
Tho' of the fooliſh Race of *Iſſachar*;
As the unwieldy *Bear* among her young
Deform'd, and ſhapeleſs Cubs,
Finds one more ſtrong,
Active and ſprightly than the reſt:
Him ſhe transforms and rubs,
And licks into a better ſhape the Beaſt.
Thus do's the gloomy God of Folly do,
With the inſipid Race:
He do's his num'rous Offspring call,
He handles one and feels his Skull;
If it be thick, he ſays, Be thou a Fool.
Another, if about his Face
He ſpies a roguiſh Mein, a cunning Look;

Tutchin, J.

If there appears
The hopes of Falſhood in his tender Years,
Good ſigns of Perjury
And hardn'd Villany;
This for his ſecret Councils he do's ſave,
Lays on his Paw, and bids him, Be a *Knave*.

IX.

A *Knave*! the elder Brother to the *Fool*:
His vaſt Dominions are no leſs
Than the whole Univerſe:
The Lands are bounded by the Sea:
The Seas the ſturdy Rocks obey:
The Storms do know the Limits of their Rule:
Neither the Land nor Sea this Hero bind,
But unconfin'd
O're both he finds a way,
O're both he bears Imperial ſway:
His gay Attendants are the Cheat,
That ruines Kingdoms to be Great.

The

The fawning, flattring Fop, who creeps
Juſt like a Spaniel at your Heels,
To ſome illuſtrious Knave, who ſweeps
Away a Kingdoms Wealth at once,
And with the Publick Coin his Treaſure fills;
For Kingdoms work t'enrich the *Knave* and *Dunce*.

X.

Honeſty's a Garb we're mock'd in,
Only wore by *Jews* and *Turks*.
Merit is a Popiſh Doctrine;
Men have no regard to Works.
Subſtantial Knavery is a Vertue will
Your Coffers fill;
And Altars raiſe,
Unto your Praiſe.
Be but a Knave, you'll keep the World in awe,
And fear no Law;
For no Tranſgreſſion is,
Where all Men do amiſs.
But here methinks an antiquated *Hero* ſtarts,
Surpris'd at my Diſcourſe;
He ſtarts and boggles like a Horſe,
And damns our modern Knaviſh Arts.

XI.

Tutchin, J.

XI.

Vain *Youth*, he ſays miſguided by a *Knave*,
By ſome dull Blockhead tempted from thy reſt;
The worldly Grandeur thou doſt vainly crave,
Is nought but Noiſe and Fooliſhneſs at beſt.
What Man wou'd quit his Senſe,
Or, the wiſe Dictates of right Reaſon's Rule,
In vain pretence
To be a rich, a gawdy *Fool*?
Or, quit his Honeſty, ſo much deſpis'd,
And baſely condeſcend,
To every little Knaviſh End;
Run headlong into every Cheat,
Attempt each Villany to make him Great.
Believe me Youth, (be better now adviſ'd)
Thy early Vertues will thy Temples ſpread,
With laſting Lawrels 'round thy Head.
Shall flouriſh when the Wearers dead.
I who have always honeſt been, though poor,
In whom the utmoſt ſigns of Age appears,
And ſink beneath the Burthen of my Years,
Cou'd never yet adore
A Knave or Blockhead, were he ne'er ſo Great;
Or, be like to them, to purchaſe an Eſtate.

XII.

XII.

Poor thredbare *Vertue* ne'er admit'd in Courts,
But ſeeks its Refuge in an honeſt Mind,
There it ſecurely dwells,
Like *Anchorets* in Cells,
Where no Ambition nor wild Luſt reſorts:
To love our Country is indeed our Pride;
We glory in an honeſt Action done;
When the Reward is laid aſide
The Glory and the Action is our own,
We ſeldom find
The Good, the Juſt, the Brave,
Have their Reward
From Princes they did ſave
From dire Deſtruction, or a poiſoning Foe;
They let them go
Contemn'd, diſdain'd; and moſt regard
Thoſe Villians fought their overthrow.
As if the Juſt, the Brave, the Good,
Were but a *Bridge* of Wood
To waft to great Preferments o'er,
Thoſe, who were our foes before,

And then be tumbl'd down like uſeleſs Logs,
While thoſe, who juſt paſs'd o'er,
And the obliging Bridge ſhou'd thank,
Do ſcornfully ſtand grinning on the Bank,
To ſee the venerable Ruines float
Adrift upon the Stream,
Contemn'd by them,
Who give the Childrens Bread unto the Dogs;
In vain, ſays he, *we've fought* ——
But at this Word
He fiercely look'd, and then he graſp'd his Sword.

XIII.

Pity it is, he ſaid, this Sword of mine,
Of late ſo glorioufly did ſhine,
In Foreign Fields 'midſt Show'rs of Blood,
With which I've cut my Paſſage through
The Snowy *Alps* and *Pyrenean* Hills,
Where Death the Land with vaſt Deſtruction fills,
'Mongſt Warriors, who
Venture their Lives for their dear Countries good,
Should now be laid aſide

'Mongſt

'Mongſt Rubbiſh Iron old,
From reaking Blood ſcarce cold;
Or elſe converted to a *Knife*,
For ſome damn'd Villain firſt to cut
A Princes Bread, and next his Throat:
In vain we venture to preſerve his Life,
In vain to Foreign Fields we come,
In vain to Foreign Force alli'd,
If a nefarious Brood at Home
Embarraſs his Affairs,
Prolong the Wars,
Only t' enrich his Enemies,
Weaken his Government, and his Allies.

XIV.

'Tis ſtrange a Prince, ſhou'd ere a *Fool* preferr,
To be an Officer!
A *Knave* may ſerve an unjuſt Government,
But ne'er prevent
Thoſe Miſchiefs may attend the juſt:
For who would truſt
A Villain may be bought by Gold,
Unleſs deſign'd on purpoſe to be ſold?
If Princes wou'd uſe *Fools* as Shop-men do
Their Signs or Boards of ſhow,

To

To tell the passers by there's better stuff
Within, 'tis rational enough.
But to set Centry at the Door,
A Patriot or a Senator,
Philosopher or Orator,
To tell the Passers by their is within
A *Merry Andrew* to be seen,
Is very much ridiculous,
Tho' to our grief we often find it thus.
Thus Princes Bastardize
Their Countries Sons Legitimate,
And give the fair Estate
Unto a Spurious Brood,
That ne'er did good;
The honest Work, the *Knave* enjoys the Prize.

XV.

A Government adorn'd with Fools,
Empty Trifles, useless Tools,
Looks like a Toy-Shop gloriously bedeckt
With gawdy gewgaws, Childrens play things,
Painted Babies, Tinsel Creatures,
Wooden Folk, with Human features,
Made just for show, and no advantage brings,
And prove of no effect.

It

It dwindles to a *Raree-Show*,
In which no Man muſt act a Part
But the dull *Blockhead* and the *Beau*,
The huffing *Fop* without a Heart;
What Wiſe Man would a Journey take
On a dull Steed has broke his Back?
Or have recourſe
Unto a *Hobby-Horſe*?
Thoſe act by ſuch wiſe Rules,
Who prop Juſt Princes by a Tyrant's Tools.

XVI.

Surely the Genius of a fruitful Iſle
Is either loſt,
Or what is worſt,
Murder'd by thoſe who ſhou'd ſupport her Fame,
Add Glory to her Name;
The Heavens themſelves have caſt an angry look,
Seldom the Glorious Sun does ſhine
But Veils its face Divine.
Jove does miſguide the Seaſons every Year;
Nought can we read in Nature's Book,
To reap her Fruits ſcarce worth our while.

Our Mother Earth,
From whose unhappy Womb,
We Mortals come,
Ne'er shows a Glorious Birth,
But proves abortive as our Actions are;
Nought have we left but hope,
Just like the Blind at Noon we grope:
The number of our Sins we must fulfil,
And if we're sav'd, it is against our will.

FINIS.

T 3381
Tutchin, J.